

A New Poem.

To condole the going away of his Excellency the Ambassador, from the Emperour of Fez. and Morocco, to his own Countrey.

24. July. 1642.

By a person of Quality.

A most silly copy of verses.

SIR, my Muse bid you welcome when you come,
And now's concern'd at your going home;
Love alwayes tending to a noble eye,
Like to a Shepherd looking on the Sky.
Your comely person, and ingenious parts
Has by a Magick-Spell conjur'd up hearts:
So they did appear, and shew their faces,
Towards you, when in your Pomp and Laces.
Th' *Morocco Ambassador* th' Nation did cry,
Was a man truly worthy of Glory;
That where he went wanted no Servants at all,
People would be with him, both low or tall;
They thought they could not do too much for him,
A man as liberal as a flowing Spring,
Resolving to see this Ambassador great,
The like they know it has not been of late.
Stay, Stay, Dearest Sir, a little longer,
If you do, our love too will grow stronger:
Therefore we wish your Excellence good Health,
Peace, and Enjoyment, and great store of Wealth,
And a good Voyage, kind and pleasant Gales,
That so your Ship may avoid the mighty Whales,
And escape all dangers, that *Aeolus* can
Shew to a Gent, or any other man;
Whereby with pleasure, and with greater joy,
You may rejoyce without the least annoy,
And when into your own Countrey do come,
Trumpets and Musick, and also too th' Drum;
Shall bid you welcome to your own dear Land,
And the King himself take you by the hand,
Saying, Dear Brother, your welcome to me,
Your absence made my happiness, my misery.
But since you're come, I'll now chear up again,
So shines th' Sun after a Show'r of Rain.
I'm come, I've made a Peace with *England's* King,
In which, we both were pleased in every thing.
I had the favour both of Court and City,
And was beloved of all th' men called witty;
And like Dove, I bring th' Olive-branch of Peace,
A Pledge from the great Monarch of the World;
So we shall have a continual Truce
With *England*, and its gay Flower De Luce;
For which you have th' thanks of each English heart,
Paid to you as a man of Mighty Art;
But after this, so soon for to be gone,
It troubles us, though much of him have won;

And

And even could desire to live no more,
 Since true Love's gone, from off the English shore;
 Telling us, whether our joyes be great or small,
 Are fleeting, as they are Terrestrial.
 Fortune is shown upon a Globe of brass
 And each worldly joy's like a piece of glass;
 Of small substance, wanting a noble weight,
 It rides below, it's but of litle height,
 Of smaller value, and of lesser prize,
 Therefore, wit is all in all when 'tis wise.
 Since all things uncertain and inconstant be,
 Like to the bird when on the Wing we see,
 Flies from the Oak, unto the Cherry Tree,
 And constant in nothing but in inconstancy:
 Therefore in all things we must be content;
 Since that our Friends are to us still but lent,
 And by th' Powers above to us are sent,
 Shewing the wings of pleasure, are its punishment.
 This Nature teaches from her motions high,
 And yields to us by her most beauteous eye;
 The day by constant motion moves into Night,
 Tacks but about, and throwes upon us Light;
 So by a repetition of Atoms doth return,
 That bright thing where first that it begun.
 The Swallow Travels, and hither doth come;
 When Winter rises he then too goeth home:
 And th' fairest Flower withereth away,
 For Nature does not alwayes work but play.
 So man is sometimes here; and sometimes there,
 Shewes but himself, and so doth disappear.
 A lively Emblem of the things above,
 'Tis so below, for the Creations Love.
 The business is, mutation doth appear
 In Men, bruits, birds, and Planets of the Year.
 Thus every thing is given to revolution,
 By common instinct, and by Worldly motion;
 Friends and Relations all vanish away,
 As Countrey men when drunk, they wont make Hay,
 But tumble and tosse this way and th' other,
 Any where to see a neighbour or a brother;
 To drown sadness, and their melancholly,
 Yet on th' next day they became more jolly.
 Th' Moral teaches how fickle's mans abode,
 Like the Ant on the Grass, or Snake upon the Road;
 Till got to his own Country, and dear home,
 And arriv'd in bright friendships Dining-Room;
 In th' *Jerusalem* above, in that place,
 Where Angels and true Lovers see their face,
 And lye basking themselves on that bright shore
 In joy, and great pleasure, for evermore.

W. W.